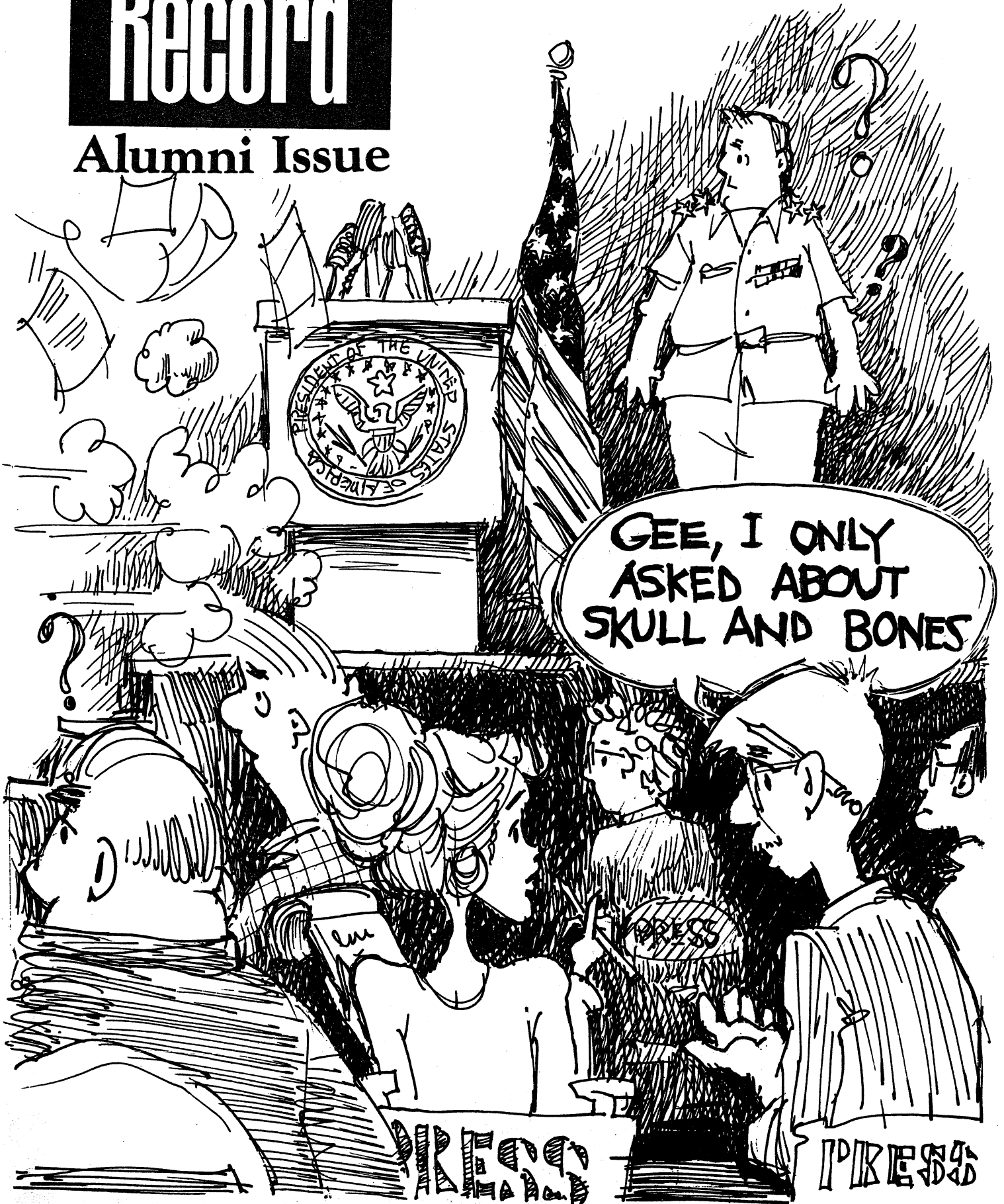
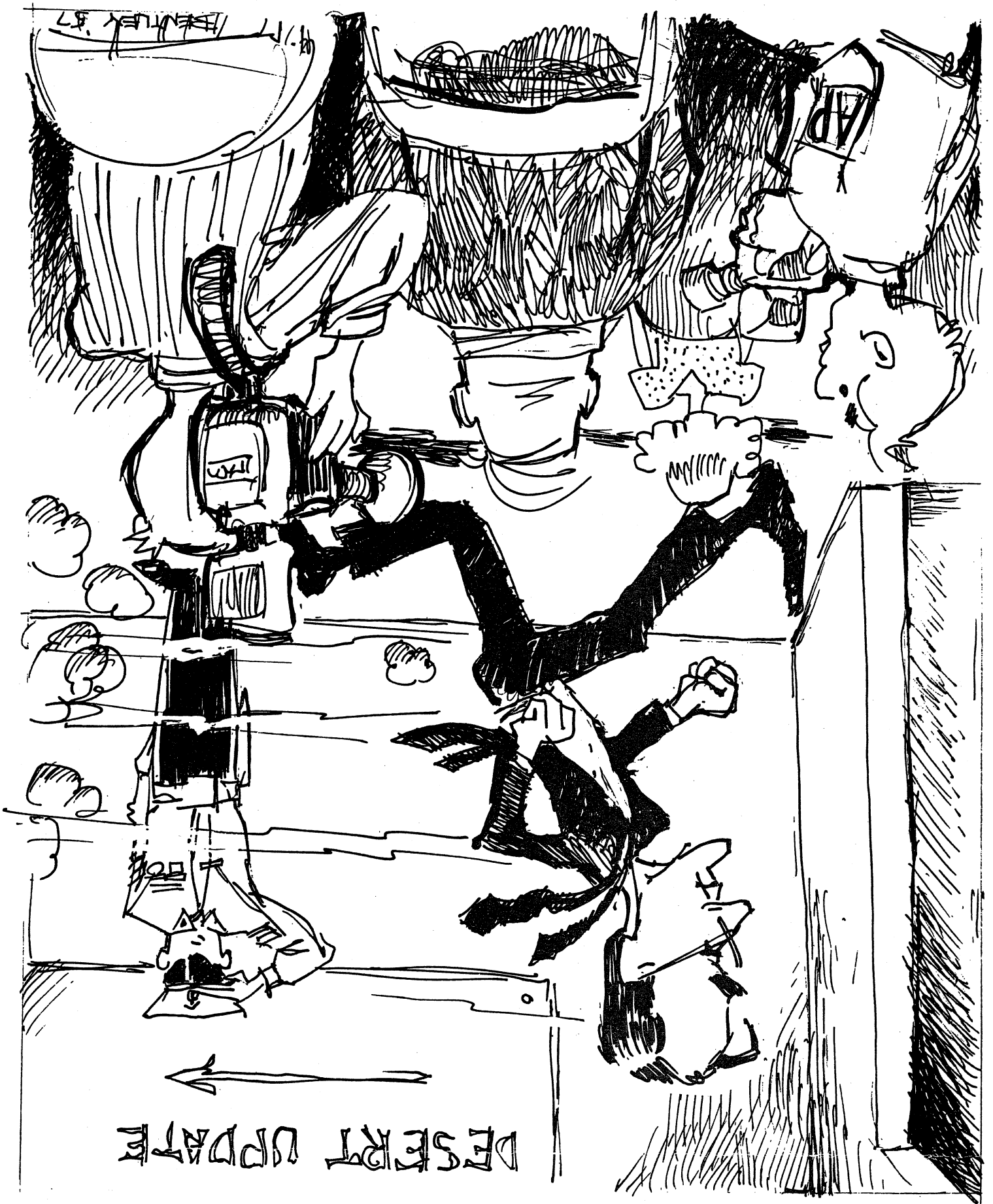


# Record

## Alumni Issue





ENTREY 57

←  
DESERT UPDATE

# Rosey's Cleaners

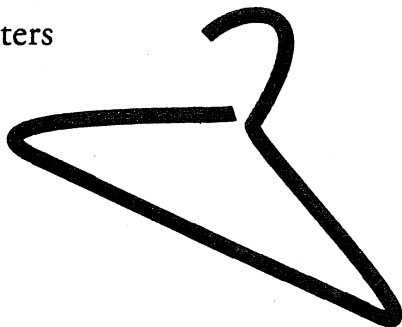
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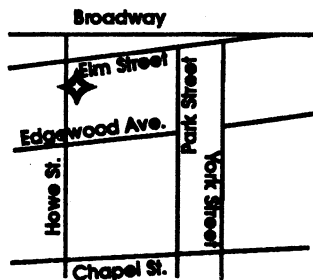
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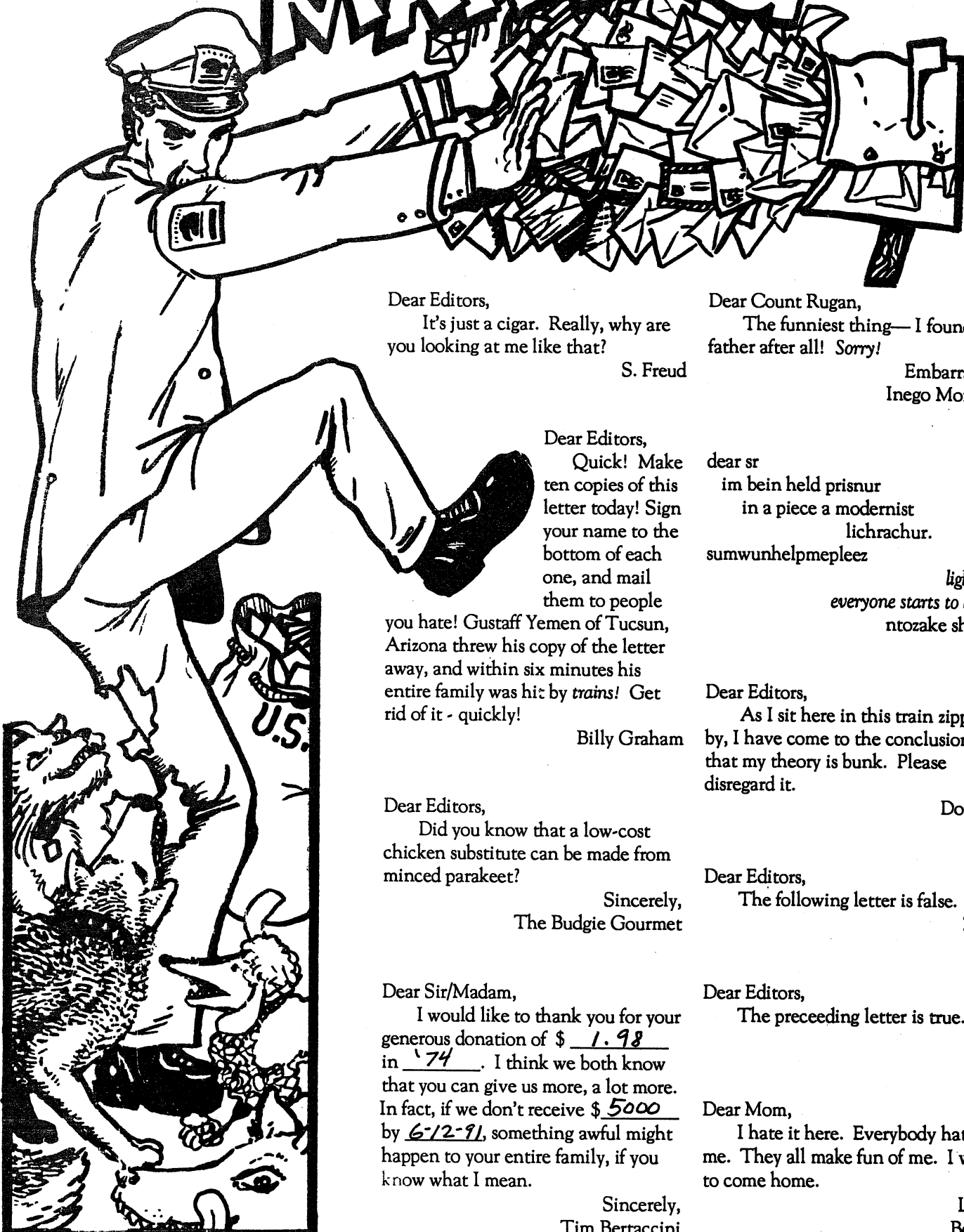
Yale  
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Chairman: Michael Gerber  
 Publisher: Karin Fong  
 Business Manager: Marisa Barbour  
 Editor in Chief: Robert Skidmore  
 Managing Editor: Hank Michael  
 Art Editor: Todd Lynch  
 Designers: Karin Fong, Ann Sullivan  
 Senior Writer: Jon Schwarz  
 Staff: Kate Alton, Marisa Barbour, Steve Huffaker, Stree Kotay  
 Associates: Pete Bershatsky, Patrick Castillo, Mike Crowley, Aaron Datesman, David Etkin, Warren Delano, Jon Hart, Ken Kashwabara, Mike Livstone, Crystal Manuel, Greg Kaslin, Austin Ramer, Manish Shah, Andrew Silber, Adam Steinman, Justin Weiss  
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 Cover by: Robert Bentley '57  
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# MAILBAG



Dear Editors,  
It's just a cigar. Really, why are you looking at me like that?

S. Freud

Dear Count Rugan,  
The funniest thing—I found my father after all! *Sorry!*

Embarrassed,  
Inego Montoya

Dear Editors,  
Quick! Make ten copies of this letter today! Sign your name to the bottom of each one, and mail them to people you hate! Gustaff Yemen of Tucsun, Arizona threw his copy of the letter away, and within six minutes his entire family was hit by *trains!* Get rid of it - quickly!

Billy Graham

dear sr  
im bein held prisnur  
in a piece a modernist  
lichrachur.  
sumwunhelpmpleez

*lights up  
everyone starts to dance  
ntozake shange*

Dear Editors,  
As I sit here in this train zipping by, I have come to the conclusion that my theory is bunk. Please disregard it.

Doppler

Dear Editors,  
Did you know that a low-cost chicken substitute can be made from minced parakeet?

Sincerely,  
The Budgie Gourmet

Dear Editors,  
The following letter is false.

Zeno

Dear Sir/Madam,  
I would like to thank you for your generous donation of \$ 1.98 in '74. I think we both know that you can give us more, a lot more. In fact, if we don't receive \$ 5000 by 6-12-91, something awful might happen to your entire family, if you know what I mean.

Sincerely,  
Tim Bertaccini  
Association of Yale Alumni

Dear Editors,  
The preceeding letter is true.

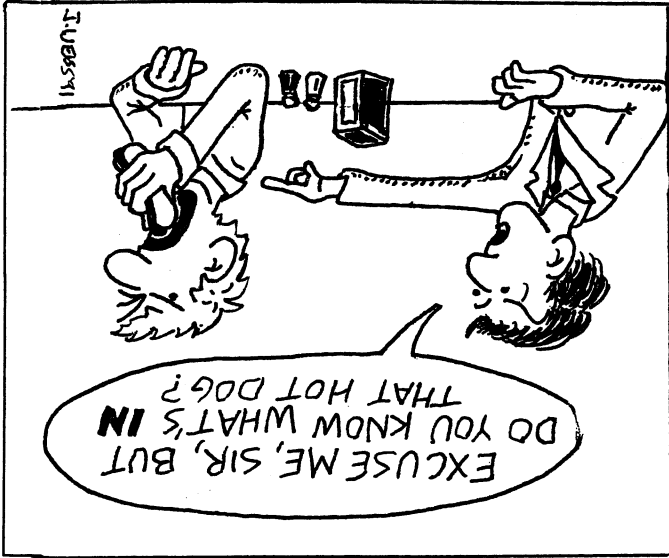
Zeno

Dear Mom,  
I hate it here. Everybody hates me. They all make fun of me. I want to come home.

Love,  
Benno



Dinner with Upton.



Thank you,  
Don King

Dear Students of Yale University,  
I have recently been informed that your dining halls serve dishes to which they refer as "Chicken a la King" and "Turkey a la King." You should be told that the recipes used in the dining halls are, in fact, not mine. My recipe uses oregano and calls for rearing, not cutting, the poultry in order to preserve the natural flavor. I am seeking an injunction against YUDH requiring them to use my recipe and to pay me a royalty of 5¢ per plate of any dish served "a la King." This may cause a slight increase in your meal contracts, but I think you agree that my recipe is much more palatable.

Dave and Elmo  
PO Box 1902 Yale Station

Dear Editors,  
I am writing to inform you of a new service at Yale University; computer-geek dating. Send us the names of the curve-busters in your classes, and we will fix them up with the people of their dreams (or the closest thing we can find at Yale). We guarantee that the curve will improve, or your money back!

Yours truly,  
Ken

Dear Consumer Products Service,  
PO Box 829  
Pohogy, Iowa  
I am dissatisfied with your Twix™ bars because they look like crocodile turds.



Red Leader  
Breaking up

Red Five,  
Stay on target! AAARGH!!!

Paul Simon

Dear Paul Simon,  
Why don't you change your name!

The Water Polo Coach  
Looking for work

Dear Editors,  
Couldn't Yale cut some classes? I mean, seriously, how many people take that Sumerian Literature course? I happen to know there are only four Chemical Engineers-ing majors; that whole department ought to be cut. And who cares about geology? Did your kid ever say, "Hey, I want to be a geologist?" Come on!

Dear Editors,  
We want more jokes about bran.  
American Association of the Upright

Sincerely,  
CBT

Dear Editors,  
As you read this, hidden somewhere in WLH is a device containing Coca-Cola™ in one chamber and Pop-Rocks™ in the other. I suggest you leave us one hundred million dollars in non-sequentially numbered bills in a small brown paper bag by the kiosk outside Yale Station by midnight tomorrow — or else!



MANY PROUD Yale Alumni suffer silently each year as an ignorant world heedlessly fawns over a select few graduates, while the feats and labors of the many silent, invisible ones get nary a bit o' credit. What of the Yalies numbering in the thousands, a veritable army of finely educated minds and retarded social skills, who quietly crochet their way into the grand tapestry of history? Here at the *Record* we can only attempt to give each his due, enlightening the wretched refuse of humanity as to the demi-gods that tread silently in their smelly midst.

Take for example Stanley Waxtein, class of 1777, who reached his zenith as caretaker of Napoleon's pets. While the tiny despot and his soufflé-eating cohorts carved a swath through much of the civilized world and France, Stanley quietly made his mark changing the bowls and cleaning the cages of two dozen fuzzy white elks. While all of Europe was rocked by the ambitions of a mad genius, Stan taught the Vanguard that it was all right to feed, imitate, and heavily pet the cutsie antlered things. Truly, Stan was of such subtle power that he could be none other than a man of Yale.

Carlton Loftus Skidbob '83, who stroked the first Varsity boat as a sophomore, disappeared from sight literally *moments* after being handed his diploma. Extensive NASA research has only recently uncovered groundbreaking evidence concerning the major supernova 1987A: evidence that leads *straight back to Carlton*.

Not to say that all graduated Yalies have completely receded into cosmic obscurity. Nelson McBibber '79 is a prime example of an alumnus who has achieved a moderate degree of recognition in his post grad life. Nelson's first novella *Dirty Acronyms for Married Folks* was a runaway hit on the art circuit. His second attempt at fame was equally successful. Drawing from a host of resources, Mr. McBibber compiled a coffee-rable book *Totally Tasteless Anagrams, Palindromes and Spoonerisms*, which proved a smashing success in mental wards and halfway houses across the land. McBibber is currently contemplating concepts in pornographic connect the dots books.

Then there are the lost ones; flashes in the pan of history; their ascending star snuffed out by cruel fate. Wolfgang Goulding ('72; HAL '75) leads the sorry list.

An aspiring poet and lover of hash brownies, Wolfgang repeatedly told the world that he knew how to turn gold into lead. Sadly, Wolfgang joined the ranks of Warhol, Hoffa and ex-president Calvin Coolidge when his spleen exploded violently. But not in vain did Wolfgang perish. To this day, such lauded publications as *Vanity Fair* and *Rolling Stone* publish material in no way connected with Wolfgang or anything he ever did. 'Wow,' you may sputter as you shake your head. And well you should. Life, as Kant probably muttered at least once, goes on.

—ETKIN



EVERYONE KNOWS of Yale's secret societies—clandestine enclaves of a privileged few, arbiters of power, bastions of labyrinthine secret traditions. What many do not know, however, is that for every "Scroll and Key" or "Wolf's Head" that ascends the heights of fame and exclusivity, dozens more fail and end up on the trash heap of history.

*Boar's Head.* Founded in 1903, this once-mighty cabal caused mortals to kneel in awe before the radiant majesty of its initiates. Its doors closed in 1912 after an unexpected but devastating lawsuit by the meat-packing company of the same name—instigated by the club's removal of all of "its" cold cuts from area grocery stores.

*Stop, Drop, and Roll.* Formed to imbue in its members a comprehensive sense of fire safety, its eager young tappers soaked themselves in kerosene and attempted to dodge lit matches gamely tossed in their direction. Those that survived were accepted; those that failed were charred to a crisp.

*Men Who Hate Women and the Women Who Love Them.* Yale's first co-ed club was unique in that it modeled its society house after the set used on "Oprah". Members were best known for their tradition-bound yet idiosyncratic habit of answering the phone by saying,




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Rough estimates for the academic year 1990-1991 suggest the following:

10% Cool hats	7% Financial Aid
11% Far Side and Word-a-Day calendars	2% Post-it notes
24% Defense	5% Ice sculptures
36% Fine granulated sugar	5% Foreign accents for tenured professors
0% Yale's funniest humor magazine (we won't mention any names)	4% Park Street subs

—SILBER

(NOT LEGAL TENDER. DO NOT USE.)



As a responsible Yale publication, we here at the Record feel it is our duty to inform both our generous alumni and the present Yale community of the current University spending breakdown of your donation dollar.

BAGHDAD, April 25 —Saddam Hussein, now operating with drastically reduced resources, has launched an all-out campaign to acquire all of the remaining Atari 2600 video game machines with which he intends to train his soldiers, sources said Thursday.

"Combat" cartridges, the Iraqi dictator explained, "are really what we're after. Though if anyone out there has a Yars' Revenge tape, I'm willing to give a thousand of my best sheep for it."

Although the United States has made clear that it does not intend to part with any of its Atari's, a French spokesman released plans today of an aid package that included some ten thousand Mattel Intellivisions.

One Israeli parliament member expressed concern, "We are very worried about Saddam's use of the game units. What's to stop him from next cornering the world's supply of Vectrex?" Others were not as troubled. As one citizen put it, "[Saddam's] plan is foolish. You cannot train a soldier with an Atari; one needs a real, stand-up arcade model."

—SILBER



"Caller, are you there?" The group was disbanded by the Yale administration on grounds of tastelessness for organizing a Gerald Solidarity day after the famous TV host had his nose smashed.

How careless, how heartless that these once-great groups now lie forgotten! Groups like "Slip and Slide," who once coated York Street with bacon grease; like "Scratch and Sniff," and its spirited, but failed push for appropriately-scented Bio textbooks; or the fondly-remembered "Skull and Bones." Ah, elitist clubs, we hardly knew ye!

—WEISS

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